

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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HAYDON THE PAINTER'S SPIRITUALISM.

To the instances of spiritual perception and reception in Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., we may add the same peculiarity in Haydon. Haydon was one of the most impassioned and impetuous-spirited men that ever lived. With great pictorial genius, but with much egotism and self-estimation, he had an enthusiasm for high art and an independence of spirit which made his life one great battle with the Royal Academy, with the prejudices of the age, with reluctant statesmen, and with pecuniary embarrassment, which at length caused him to commit suicide. His life, by Tom Taylor, is one of the most awful and harrowing stories of a human existence ever perused, and the bulk of it is penned by the unfortunate man himself. There is no question that Haydon was right in his ideas of art—and it was very much by his exertions that Government was at length induced to introduce the pictorial embellishments of the Houses of Parliament, and to extend the little patronage to high art that it has done; but by his incessant appeals to ministers and noblemen on the subject, and for advances of money to extricate him from the terrible difficulties into which his pursuit of high art in the face of public apathy had led him, he had made himself to them, in plain language, a bore. This, in addition to a defect of sight, which made the colouring and finish of his pictures very defective, excluded him from a share of the public works which his single-handed labours had induced the Government to commence, and, no doubt, led to his final catastrophe. In the course of this stormy life, Haydon was often worked up into that nervous condition when the inner senses are preternaturally excited, and he dreamed, or saw things which belong to the spiritual world.

In his love and perception of the beautiful and poetical, Haydon was amongst the first to discover, across the fogs of public prejudice, the genius of Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Keats, and he became a zealous and firm friend of these celebrated men, all of whom have paid the warmest tributes to his fame and public services. Living, therefore, in the constant atmosphere of poetry and painting, it was but another short step into the spiritual. In his journal of February 13, 1840, he says:—

“After the investigation of the Convention of Cintra, and when the Duke of Wellington had proved his genius to my mind, I lay in bed one morning, and clearly saw in my mind’s eye his triumph in Spain, and the crossing the French frontier. I got up, and determined, young as I was, to write to him, to tell him my conviction, and to add, that if it turned out as I said—as my views in art were as grand as his in military matters—I hoped he would allow me, in the hour of victory, to remind him of my prophecy. Subsequent reasoning made me believe this to be absurd, and to the regret of my whole after-life, I gave up the notion.

“This morning I had similar foreshadowings about the affairs of the East, the complications of which I clearly unravelled.

“March 8, 1830.—Few men have the courage to say they believe in dreams. Last night I dreamed the King told Seguier he did not like my picture, and would not have it. I got up this morning greatly distressed in mind about it, and said, ‘If this prove true, is there not something in dreams?’ It has proved true.

“Feb. 6, 1831.—I dreamed Napoleon appeared to me, and presented to me a golden key. This was about a month since. It is curious. I have lately had singular dreams; as Achilles says, ‘The shades of our friends must be permitted to visit us.’”

He was painting his picture of Napoleon musing at St. Helena, and argued that it must be a success from his dream. It was not only so, but the painting of copies of it of a less size, of which he did nearly thirty, was a golden key to him. He adds: “Dreamt that Michael Angelo came to me last night in my painting room. I talked to him, and he shook hands with me. I took him to the small medallion over my chimney-piece, and said, ‘It is very like, but I don’t think your nose so much broken as I had imagined.’ I thought it strange in my dream; I could not make it out how he came there. He had a brown coat and complexion. I certainly think something grand in my destiny is coming on, for all the spirits of the illustrious dead are hovering about me. * * * I seem as if I were seized

with supernatural communication, and start up in solitude. I expect a *Dira facies*, or smiling angel, beckoning and pointing. (Vol. II., p. 299).

"August 28.—Debt and ruin have touched the honour of my name. Yet I am not unhappy. I never lose the mysterious whisper, 'Go on,' and I feel that, in spite of calamity and present appearances, as I am virtuous and good, I shall, before I die, carry my object.

"Washington Irving says, Columbus imagined the voice of the Deity spoke to him to comfort him in his troubles in Hispaniola. No; he did not imagine it, he *did* hear it, and it *did* speak. Irving calls him a visionary. Oh, no! Irving has no such object—he has no such communications."

In April, 1841, he went to Playford Hall to paint the portrait of Thomas Clarkson for his great picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention, and this is what he notes in his journal:—"Clarkson told me the whole story of his vision. He said he was sleeping when a voice awoke him, and he heard distinctly these words: 'You have not done all your work. There is America.' Clarkson said it was vivid. He sat up in his bed; he listened, and heard no more. Then the whole subject of his last pamphlet came to his mind. Texts without end crowded in, and he got up in the morning and began it, and worked eight hours a day till it was done—till he hoped he had not left the Americans a leg to stand on.

"Now come the causes of this belief. There is no doubt that all men who devote their lives from boyhood to a great cause have the impression of being called or led by the Deity. Does this impression come from the mere physical exercise of the brain in one direction, so that imagination is excited, or does perpetual solitude engender the notion that what is merely imagined is actual? Clarkson says he was sleeping. Might he not have dreamt strongly? He heard a voice, and sat upright, neither awake nor asleep, and still heard the imagined sounds of the dream before his reason returned with his waking. This is the physical explanation, and is always more gratifying to the world than the supposition that any being is so favoured by God as to be called and selected. On the other hand, Clarkson has evidently been a great instrument for the abolition of a great curse. A whole species, who have suffered for centuries, have by his exertions, and those of others, been advanced in the scale of human beings to liberty and protection. Is such a cause unworthy the interference of the Deity? If not, is it improbable he would select for such a benevolent purpose a human being as his instrument? The men who do these great things universally have the impression that they are so impelled. For instance,

Columbus believed he heard a voice in the storm, encouraging him to persevere. Socrates believed in his spirit; and if it be allowed to refer to Christ, the Saviour always talked as of an immediate communication. I myself have believed in such impressions all my life. I believe I have been so acted on from seventeen to fifty-five, for the purpose of reforming and refining my great country in art. I believe that my sufferings were meant, first to correct me,—and then, by rousing attention, to interest my nation. I know that I am corrected, and a better man; and I know there exists a sympathy for me, and by reflection for my style and object, which, without such causes, could not have operated so soon. At seventeen, I could not write a word intelligibly. Who gave me the power to thunder out in one night, as if by inspiration, my thoughts on the Academic question? Who guided me as to the only sound system of education in an artist, in opposition to all the existing practice of the day in England? Who cheered me when all the world seemed adverse to desert? God,—my great, my benevolent, my blessed Creator, by the influence—and the influence only—of his Holy, Holy, Holy Spirit!

“Perhaps this is insanity, as well as Clarkson’s, Columbus’s, Milton’s, and others. Perhaps we are all ‘drunk with new wine.’ No, no; we are all more alive to the supernatural and spiritual than the rest of our fellow-creatures. Where did I see the prototype of the head of Lazarus? I had never seen a man raised from the dead. Who was my inspirer? God, my blessed Creator.

“How often in prison, in want, in distress, in blindness, have I knelt in agony before Him, my forehead touching the ground, and prayed for His mercy! How often have I risen with ‘Go on’ so loud in my brain as to make me start! How often have I, in despair, opened the Scriptures, and seen, as in letters of fire, ‘Fear thou not; I am with thee!’ And have I ever had occasion but once to find the result did not answer the promises? And that result will yet be accomplished.

“I believe Clarkson did hear a voice, like other selected beings before he was born.”—Vol. III, p. 171.

“March 24, 1844.—Awoke this morning with that sort of audible whisper which Socrates, Columbus, and Tasso heard:—‘Why do you not paint your own six designs for the house on your own foundation, and exhibit them?’ * * * One of the most remarkable days and nights of my life. I slept at the Adelphi last night, high up, and just at break of day I awoke, and felt as if a heavenly choir was leaving my slumbers as day dawned, and had been hanging over and inspiring me as I slept. I had not dreamt but heard the inspiration. When I was awake

I saw the creeping light. If this be delusion, so was Columbus's voice in the roaring of the Atlantic winds: but neither was; and under the blessing of God the result will shew it as to myself, but only under His blessing."—Vol. III, p. 274.

Haydon was as generous to young artists as he was immovably persuaded of his own genius. He zealously interested himself for the young sculptor Lough. On one occasion Lough said to Haydon, as if half afraid of being laughed at,—“Mr. Haydon, I fancy myself in the Acropolis sometimes, and hear a roaring noise like the tide.” “My dear fellow,” said Haydon, “when I was at my great works, I saw with the vividness of reality the faces of Michael Angelo and Raffaele smiling about my room. Nurse these feelings, but tell them not,—at least in England.”

Such was Benjamin Robert Haydon's firm and life-long conviction; an avowed Spiritualist when Spiritualism was unheard of in England. So early as 1816, he clearly saw into the spirit and reasoning of sceptics on such subjects. Speaking of the character of Voltaire's mind, he said, “If Christ were an impostor, Voltaire would be the hero. If Christ was, as I believe him, divine, Voltaire would not have been ashamed to appear as an *incredible*.” Haydon thus struck the weak spot of scepticism, which is inevitably sure to embrace the false and reject the true. And with respect to Haydon himself the sceptic will say, if his ideas on these subjects were based on a reality, how came it that with all his prayers, his faith and his imagined revelations, his own personal career was a failure, a misery, and finally a terror? No man was in the habit of more zealous and impassioned prayer, and his petitions, so far as they regarded high art, were fully realized. He lived to see his principles publicly acknowledged and adopted. As regarded himself, that very impetuosity and pertinacity of temperament which enabled him to carry his public purpose, destroyed his own personal interests. Like all men who have fought against the false tastes and ideas of their times, he became the martyr of his mission. As he himself says, “Homer begged; Tasso begged in a different way; Galileo was racked; De Witt assassinated; and all for wishing to improve their species.” Columbus received chains and dungeons in return for the discovery of a world; Milton died poor and blind; De Caus was shut up as a madman for the assertion of the wonderful power of steam; and Thomas Gray, in our own day, for the zealous advocacy of a national system of railways, was treated with contempt and left to die in indigence. The rewards of martyrs are not in this world; the truth of their convictions has not its testimony in their fortunes, but whilst the ungrateful world reaps the fruits of their labours and teachings,

they reap the reward of their faithful warfare for the right in the world of right.

With all Haydon's faults—and they were conspicuously of temperament—nothing could shake his convictions of the truth, or bend him to their concealment from self-interest. At the same time he was sensible of the defects of his character, and exclaims in his journal,—“Alas! I was imperfectly brought up!” That is a pathetic confession which may cover a multitude of sins, and must deepen the sympathy of every one who sees, amid his clouds and drifting shadows, the sun of his real genius. The head of his Lazarus is one of those things which attest the reality of his spiritual inspiration. He believed it was communicated to him, and the impression of every one who ever looked upon it was of a correspondent character. Sir Walter Scott was wonderfully struck on first seeing it, and stood as if gazing on something supernatural. “Lazarus,” Haydon says, “affected everybody: high and low, ignorant and learned.” The sensation was universal. The workman employed in hanging it, exclaimed that it made him tremble. The constable that came to arrest Haydon for debt, on seeing Lazarus in his studio, became so agitated that he cried out, “My God, sir! I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve o'clock at the attorney's, and I will take it.” And this was done. Mr. Tom Taylor, Haydon's biographer, says, “Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life, I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how such a work came to be in such a place:” the Pantheon in Oxford Street. And he adds, “I am much mistaken if this picture does not bear an impress of power which will hardly be found in the work of any other English historical painter.”—Vol. II. p. 4. W. H.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ALTHOUGH the name of Andrew Jackson Davis, the celebrated seer, must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of Modern Spiritualism, I believe there are comparatively few on this side the Atlantic who have read the remarkable book dictated by him “whilst in the clairvoyant or spiritual state.”

Nature's Divine Revelations (Part i.) establishes beyond controversy that a supramundane intelligence was at work in its production. Davis was a shoemaker's apprentice at the time, with but a village school education, and not 20 years of age, and this volume of several hundred pages contains, according to Professor Lewis, one of the witnesses, "A profound and elaborate discussion of the *Philosophy of the Universe*." Whence came these scientific utterances, many of which were then heard for the first time and have been since confirmed?

Not certainly from the natural brain of an uneducated boy; Davis himself believes that they were dictated to him by spirits; and who shall dispute it when in the man through whose lips this profound philosophy was fluently poured forth, there was an entire absence of every condition required for its production.

This case does not admit of such explanations as many objectors put forward to account for ordinary spiritual phenomena; and I shall be curious to know what Messrs. Jackson, Atkinson, and Bray, have to say to it* to make it fit their respective theories.

My object however is not to discuss the merits of this question, but to introduce an incident which appears to me of some interest relating to one of the scientific statements made in *Nature's Divine Revelations*. My friend Mr. Tietkens, who is a recent convert to Spiritualism, has been as he says, profoundly impressed with the wonderful character of Davis's book, but he was suddenly arrested by a statement which appeared to him untenable, and which, unexplained, tended to lessen the value in his estimation of other statements in the book upon scientific points not so well understood by him.

In *Nature's Divine Revelations*, Part ii., clause xli., it is asserted that—

"The theories that have been presented to the world concerning the phenomenon of tides, have generally been very incorrect. It has been supposed by a conspicuous astronomer, that tides were produced by the law of *attraction*—by the action of the moon upon the earth. This cannot be true, for attraction is not an established principle, especially beyond the atmosphere of any body or substance. To shew plainly the impossibility of this being the cause of tides, I will present some of the chief considerations which have an important bearing upon the subject.

"If the moon has any attractive influence upon the earth

* These gentlemen have recently written some clever Papers published in *Human Nature* upon the subject but from opposite points of view. Mr. Jackson attributes the cause of the phenomena to some "mesmeric action." Mr. Bray to the "correlation of forces," and I believe Mr. Atkinson denies the existence of spirits altogether, but does not explain how the phenomena are produced.

(more than what consists in the natural relation existing between the two bodies), why, when the moon is in conjunction with the sun, does not the water become *more elevated* on the side of the earth next to these bodies, as might naturally be expected if such attraction existed? Also, substances upon that side of the earth would not then weigh near so much as when the moon was otherwise situated. Also when the moon is on the opposite side of the earth, and the earth sustains a position between it and the sun, why is not the elevation of the water *equal* at all portions of the earth? For if the sun and moon exert an equal influence, the result should be equal heights of water all over the earth.

"It is a well ascertained truth in astronomy, and in the principles of mechanics, that a body rotating like the earth on its axis, has the tendency to throw off substances in the direction in which it revolves. As the earth revolves from west to east, and at the present time, once in 24 hours, it must of necessity produce two elevations of water, especially as the water surrounds the whole globe. Every 12 hours, the water would be elevated at the extreme east and extreme west, or in other words, at given antipodes of the earth. The elevation of water once in 12 hours, is a result of the centrifugal tendency that the globe creates in one half of its period of rotation—corresponding tides being thus produced on the opposite sides of the earth.

"There are many things operating incidentally upon the water, which produce variations in the periods and elevations of the tides in different places upon each portion of the earth. A correct knowledge of the law of fluids will at once demonstrate the cause of the whole phenomenon, and it is by understanding the natural tendency of fluids, and that of all other substances, when subjected to a centrifugal force, that the present explanation of the phenomenon will become established beyond the possibility of refutation."

On the 9th of September, 1868, Mr. Tietkens wrote to Mr. Davis, as follows:—"You say that tides cannot be caused by the moon's action upon the earth, because attraction is not an established principle, and that if this were the cause, when the moon is on the opposite side of the earth, and the earth sustains a position between it and the sun, the water ought to be *equal* at all portions of the earth; and that if the moon and sun exert an equal influence, the result should be equal heights all over the earth. But have you never, in your 'superior condition,' seen in the records of science, the explanation which has been given why this result should not follow? And does it not appear necessary that you should advert to this explanation in condemning the Newtonian theory, in order to prepare the minds of your readers for your new theory?"

Mr. Davis replied to the above enquiry on the 26th of September, and said, "Since the delivery of *Nature's Divine Revelations* I have not received the least additional ray of information concerning the 'tides.' The theory may be true, or not; I wait, *seek*, more light. If it comes, it will be my first duty to let the world have it. But I think the scientific world is now going to school, and the wisest are learning new lessons respecting 'attraction, repulsion,' &c. So that, ere long, even the periodicity of the *tides* may be accounted for upon principles of *motion*, instead of gravitation and attraction, as in the system of the noble Newton. I see that by the recent eclipse of the sun, astronomers have discovered with their instruments, what clairvoyance reported concerning the constitution of that central orb 20 years ago—its condition similar to the central part of the earth—fiery, &c., as evinced by the rose-vapour flames or protuberances visible in its atmosphere. If force is the primal cause of all 'motion,' everything, including tides, must be referred to that motion, while the effects called 'attraction' and 'repulsion,' must be accepted as *co-incidental* therewith, and *not as primal cause*, which, perhaps is the mistake in the Newtonian theory. But, perhaps, the mistake was in *my* clairvoyance, and the subject can remain an open question, tabled for the present."

Mr. Tietkins did not consider Mr. Davis's reply satisfactory, and thus the matter remained until I called his attention to an article published in the *Banner of Light*, October 24th, 1868, ON THE CAUSES OF TIDES AND OTHER PHYSICAL PHENOMENA, in which the writer under the initials "Y. S." dating from Philadelphia, dissents from the Newtonian philosophy of the moon's attractive influence upon the earth, and gives what appears to be a very rational explanation of his theory.

The article is much too long to transcribe here but it will be sufficient for my purpose to give that portion which supports the original statement made in the *Revelations*, and the reasons for differing from the Newtonian doctrine which Mr. Davis could not give for want of "more light."

Y. S. says:—"I know this variation has been and is attributed to the influences of the moon, because the higher tide appears to follow the course of that luminary; but such is merely an incidental matter, for it cannot be shown that the moon has any influence on the tides at all, therefore I venture the assertion here that if the moon was scattered to the four winds of heaven, ocean tides would not be affected in the least by such a catastrophe. I feel confident that science will sooner or later confirm this view of the matter." Y. S. concludes his remarks by saying that the sun and moon theory of ocean tides cannot be sustained in accordance with natural law, for "its advocates

assert that the sun and moon exert their greatest influence when they are most directly over or nearest to any given portion of the ocean. If so, how is it then, when they are in conjunction, that the water is not elevated the most on that side of the globe where by their joint action they exert their greatest influence? Surely this would appear natural, and again when the globe intervenes between these luminaries, should there not be something like equal tides everywhere? But such is not the case. Again it is asserted that the moon has the greatest influence, and elevates the surface of the water as she passes over it. If so, and her greatest influence is when she is most directly over, or nearest to it, how can she elevate the water on the opposite side of the globe at the same time so as to produce equal tides at the antipodes? And again if the sun and moon influence and control the tides by attraction, should we not expect the highest tides within the tropics to which those luminaries are limited? But instead of this being the case, we find here the most diminutive tides, hardly ever exceeding more than from two to five feet in height, whilst at Baffin's Bay, latitude 70,000 miles beyond the immediate influence of those luminaries, the tide rises from sixty to seventy feet," &c., &c.

I have so little "light" myself upon these scientific subjects that I may have made more of this particular question of the moon and tides than the circumstances warrant. If, however, it should prove so my main object will nevertheless be secured, which is to bring the Man and the Book, Davis and *Nature's Divine Revelations*, once more before the English readers of spiritualistic journals, and to ask why the opponents of Spiritualism have not ventured to investigate this well-established case and give us their solution of a phenomenon so extraordinary as that which is presented in the person of Andrew Jackson Davis?

SPIRITUALISM IN YORK.

Since the Davenports (who are now in America), have ceased to occupy public attention, there has come to my knowledge more than one instance where phenomena of similar character to that which they exhibited have been witnessed, and, in one case, surpassing even the wonderful nature of their manifestations.

A correspondent, whom I will call Mr. Blank; residing at York, an earnest investigator and a confirmed Spiritualist, gives me an account of some of his experiences with two girls, of about eight years of age—children of humble people residing near him. For about two months, their medium powers were most extraordinary, but in each case the power is now much

diminished. During its most active phase, the mother of one of the little girls described to him incidents enough to fill a book. Mr. Blank, however, confines his account to what he himself witnessed on several occasions.

He says, in their sitting room there is a large square pantry or cupboard, answering the purpose of a cabinet, in which the little folks, seated upon footstools, allowed themselves to be tied in the usual way. Immediately upon closing the door, loud rappings were heard all over it, as if half a dozen people were within it. An accordion, with a small hand-bell, placed on a high shelf, were played and rung; and upon opening the door a short time afterwards, the children were found sitting passively, untied, with the ropes across their knees. In place of the aperture which the Davenport cabinet had, they left the door of the pantry open about six inches, whilst there was a subdued but clear light in the room, and then there was a wondrous display of spirit-hands from within the cupboard, sometimes as many as four visible at one time; one, a delicate feminine hand, the colour of pearl, flexible and full of life, and a beautiful white muslin sleeve appeared to cover the arm. Some were like the hands of workmen, large, coarse, and brown; these were waved up and down the opening of the door, and made a noise similar to the rustling of a silk dress.

By request, the hand-bell, which had been placed on a shelf out of the reach of the children, was thrust out, and rung by a hand which held it in the ordinary way. Mr. Blank approached within a few inches of the door, and holding out his pocket handkerchief, it was taken several times by hands from within the cupboard, and returned to him immediately tied up in a variety of ingenious designs; one represented a rose and leaves, another a bird flying, &c.

A slate and pencil were put on the high shelf, and the names of friends and relatives of those present were found written on the slate; and on placing plain cards in a locked box, writing was found on them. Indeed, it would appear that in the presence of these children, the whole range of spiritual physical phenomena, which have caused so much surprise and controversy, was obtained from time to time. The children seem to have no nervous feelings about it. They say that the spirits speak to them; that they first see a bright star, then a face, and then the whole figure; and these figures they describe as being dressed and ornamented in various ways; some have crowns upon their heads, covered with small stars, and a long glittering robe tied round the waist by a sash of some bright colour. These the girls call good spirits; at times there were others unpleasant to look upon, of dark complexion,

some quite black. One of the little girls said she saw spirits wherever she went, night or day. When walking in the street with her mother, and meeting a funeral procession, she said she saw a great many spirits following. One evening, Mr. Blank says he met the children outside the city, in great agitation; they said a lady dressed in old-fashioned costume had spoken to them just as they were passing a churchyard. She told them she had lived at Brighton, and was buried in that churchyard; and seemed much pleased that she could speak to them.

Mr. Blank describes, in his letter to me, a great number of minor incidents, which he and his friends witnessed at the home of these children, and also with another good medium, belonging to the circle which they have formed in York, but as these consist of much of the ordinary manifestations so often described, they need not be recorded.

Mr. Blank, I may say, is a member of the Society of Friends. I have known him for some years. I am quite satisfied with his testimony, and with the genuineness of the phenomena that he says he witnessed. His account corroborates other facts of a similar character which I and many of my immediate friends have frequently seen, and which in America are now of almost daily occurrence.

For the information of such as might be misled by the false position taken up by some of the leading philosophers of our day, I am induced to revert to a statement made by me several years ago,* where at a *séance*, held in the light, a friend of mine witnessed manifestations of a very surprising character, and among other things, "not less than twenty spiritual hands were seen by all, playfully touching them, but like 'Will-o'-the-Wisps' eluding their grasp." The two mediums on that occasion were the opposite in station to the little girls at York. They were the daughters of a noble duke; and the "well-known scientific baronet" who was present, is the respected Sir Roderick Murchison, who, I am told, was himself lifted in his chair, and moved about by some powerful though invisible agency.

I have not the honour of Sir Roderick's acquaintance, and I do not know if he has ever spoken of the fact to any of his friends, but it would be interesting to hear his version of the incidents of that remarkable *séance*, and his theory of how the phenomena were produced, and of the "force" by which he was lifted up in his chair. Not that I think the latter of much importance, since many other men of science who have been bold enough to investigate the subject fairly, have found

* See *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III, page 543.

it impossible to escape from the conclusion that they *are* spiritually-caused phenomena; but it would be of value to have Sir Roderick's testimony to set before some of his associates, that these curious things which seem to over-ride natural laws, are *not*, at least, to be attributed to the art of trickery, or to self-delusion.

A WORLD'S CONVENTION.

For some time past the question has been agitated whether a World's Convention of Spiritualists should be held in London, and among many others I have been invited to take a prominent part in the contemplated arrangements. But, though I should be glad to see assembled here the leading minds of Europe and America, I am unable to see the possibility of its accomplishment unless we could be assured of the presence of some of the celebrities who have been identified throughout the world in the spread of Spiritualism. Having occasion to write to Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis I asked him for his opinion upon this subject, and whether he and some others in America could be induced to attend a meeting in the spring of next year. I give his reply upon this and other points connected with the movement in America.

"On the question, 'Shall we have a World's Convention?' which you ask me, I return the answer, NO; and yet I sympathize with the general convictions of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spear, by which they are moved to agitate and plan the enterprise. My reasons for objecting are, there is approaching a crisis in the Spiritualism of America, the first effect of which will be to build missionary organizations, for educational, doctrinal, political, philanthropical, and social ends, and the thoughts and feelings and means of all friendly to these public and special movements will be for a few years mostly confined to efforts on this side of the Atlantic.

"An American Association of Spiritualists, the final labour of four years of National Conventions of more discord than work, is just established. It will call for all the money and enthusiasm the people will find themselves able to give. A World's Convention, therefore, if now called in England, would exist in name only, and be very considerably injured by starting into being too soon. Besides, speaking for myself, I realize not the least prompting towards any personal 'work,' beyond the borders of this, as yet, undeveloped continent. While so conditioned, I could not be induced to visit England, for the purpose of attending a World's Convention. For the

other persons you so kindly name, I cannot, of course, make answer, and would, therefore, refer you to them directly.

"In the *Spiritual Magazine* each month, I read something from your pen, and each time my heart rises up to thank you for the labour and care you so cordially and so freely bestow upon our holy cause. In this country, the inhabitants of the Summer-land are working almost miracles, in overthrowing old-time conceptions of God and the common destiny of mankind. Churches are supported at great expense, but few intelligent persons accept more than the fine music and the easy pews. Not one editor of note, not one well informed merchant or banker, not one influential Member of Congress, not one courageous clergyman, but this hour prays and hopes, and more than half believes, in sympathy with the great progressive Spiritualistic principles, known, in comprehensive phrase, as the Harmonial Philosophy. But, my friend, I must close with best wishes for you, and the cause in England.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS."

PLANCHETTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

MOST of our readers are probably familiar with this little instrument which has long been in use amongst us. It is now apparently beginning to attract considerable attention, and causing somewhat of a sensation in the United States. The *New York Evening Mail*, after describing Planchette, says:—"Now let us see what it will do. Place it on a sheet of paper, and let two persons lightly lay their fingers upon it. Now ask it a question, and without conscious movement on the part of those whose hands are upon it, it will move over the paper, writing the answer as it goes. The hand will at times write the word which was strongest or latest in our mind, when our intention was to have written another word."

The editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* relates in that paper how a Colonel in the army, a Professor of Greek, himself, and some others experimented with Planchette. The Colonel and the Professor placed their fingers lightly on the Planchette. "After a prolonged delay, and in a dilatory manner, the movements at length began. Then 'Planchette' told the Colonel who was to be nominated for Vice President at Chicago; named the Democratic candidate for the Presidency; predicted that Johnson would not be deposed, and did sundry other wonderful things of like character, decidedly too numerous

to mention in a newspaper article. This accomplished, it was suggested that some third person should exercise his will, to make the instrument record a thought not uttered. We being selected, chose the word, brought the powerful battery of our mind to play upon "Planchette," and to our great surprise the pencil traced upon the paper the word desired. So of four other names, chosen because of singularity; they were recorded with instant and perfect accuracy." The editor thinks "it is easy to see, from what we have said, that it opens the door to infinite speculation, and to a great deal of profitable philosophic research. We are, undoubtedly, only upon the threshold of knowledge concerning the principles of animal magnetism, and their relations to the mental and physical life of man."

The *Cleveland Herald* says:—"There is a new thing called the 'Planchette'—a machine shaped somewhat like a heart, having two legs and a pencil which forms a third leg. This machine will operate under the influence of a person whom the Spiritualists would pronounce to be a medium; one who is heavily charged with electricity, or magnetism, or whatever it may be.

"As to the performance of the 'Planchette,' on Sunday last, at a small social gathering in Cincinnati, we have the assurance of a gentleman for whose integrity we cheerfully vouch. A number of persons laid a hand on the 'Planchette,' but it would not work, until our friend and informant was asked to try his hand, which he did. Soon the pencil moved zigzag, every way, and the company requested our friend to ask the 'Planchette' a question. 'Who will the Convention nominate?' said our friend, and immediately the pencil—which is moved from that portion of the machine on which the operator's hand rests—wrote in a large, bold hand, 'SEYMOUR.' Before Mr. Seymour's name was brought into the Convention on Thursday, our informant related the incident here detailed, and wished us to remember what he had told us.

"Just so soon as the news of Seymour's nomination came, our friend hailed us with 'What do you think of the Planchette now?'"

The *Present Age*, published at Michigan, says:—

"We have heard of many wonderful performances by Planchette. As we have said, the original ones are heart shaped; but a friend of ours, who made one for himself, thinking any other form would answer made a triangular one, and it would write nothing but hearts strung together in every possible shape, as if protesting against the indignity put upon it of making it in any other form. . . . A friend of ours, a lawyer, believing in Spiritualism and in Planchette,

was detained in his office one night to a very late hour, puzzling over a case that gave him very great trouble, presenting points that perplexed him exceedingly. The hour of midnight arrived and the solution of the problem seemed as far away as ever. Wearied almost to exhaustion, yet determined he would not go home till he had completed his task, he suddenly thought of Planchette. Perhaps that could assist in bringing light out of darkness. He had one by him and placed it on a sheet of paper. One hour he sat with his hands on the little instrument and it moved not; finally, despairing almost of getting any movements, and remembering that often a strong light seriously interfered with physical manifestations, he turned the gas down, so that the room was but dimly lightly, and after sitting awhile longer Planchette condescended to move, and wrote out, "Chitty, vol. II. page 203." Surprised, he turned on the gas, went to his book-case, took down the volume indicated, and on page 203 thereof he found a full and satisfactory explanation of the question that had caused him so much trouble."

The editor of the *Ohio Spiritualist* says:—"Planchette is in use in very many families in all grades of life in our Forest City." He relates that "one gentleman purchased Planchette; it moved; the answers written were accurate and pertinent, as well as intensely interesting. The gentleman volunteered a few mental queries himself; the answers were written out with startling directness. This was too much. Jumping up suddenly, he seized the poor little senseless instrument and hurled it out of doors, swearing there was *Spiritualism* in it, and he would not have it in his house!

"Another gentleman had Planchette in his store. After sitting for some time, waiting for it to write, without success, he discarded it. There were two little German boys in the place who took the matter up, and after a short sitting the writing commenced, both English and German. The gentleman asked mental questions, and they were answered, very much to the confusion of the boys. Yet this man, an intelligent person, too, when asked what he supposed gave the answers, said, innocently enough, *Electricity!* He was asked if he could conceive of an educated flash of lightning? or of sense and wisdom from a voltaic pile?"

The editor mentions a friend who on first using the Planchette had written out the name "William"—the name of a deceased brother. He asked—"William, are you happy?" The answer was—"I am happy because you are kind to my sister." Whereupon the editor asks the very pertinent question. "Who is *sister* to electricity?" We have heard of a poem called "The Loves of the Plants;" perhaps Professor Tyndall, or some

other eminent authority, will kindly favour us with a scientific treatise on "The Loves of the Imponderables: with an Appendix setting forth more particularly the Intelligence, Volition, Memory, and virtuous Affections of Electricity." We commend this suggestion to the author of the recent work *On Force and its Mental Correlates*.
T. S.

SPIRITUALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A PRIVATE letter from Cape Town, South Africa, has been received, from which we take the following extract:—

"I am the oldest bookseller in this city, having been here for more than a quarter of a century, so that I can judge tolerably well of the progress of mind and literature, and what advances are making towards a purer thought and sentiment. For the last year or so enquiries have been made for new publications that bear upon the modern discoveries in Mesmerism and Spiritualism."

Our correspondent adds that he has a few subscribers to the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Human Nature*, but he does not know of any *séances* held at the Cape, or of any mediums there.

With Spiritualism of a certain kind, the natives of Africa have long been familiar. A few months ago the *Glasgow Herald* contained a long account from a Scotch settler in Natal of his experience with certain Kaffir "Doctors." He apologizes for stating what seems so incredible, sneers at the credulity of the natives, and protests that he does not regard the facts he relates as anything more than very striking coincidences. So far then it is evident he is not likely to have at all exaggerated through any bias in favour of the supernatural. He tells us that these Kaffir Doctors exercise an "eminently pernicious and dangerous power" over the minds of the Zulus, who consult them on all questions of difficulty. They claim and receive credit for the power to commune with the spirits of the departed, and foretell things to come, and bring crimes to light, through supernatural aid.

"The Kaffir Doctors also profess to be able to tell what any person at a distance is doing at the moment of inquiry, and also the precise spot where he may be at the time; and really some of their performances in that way are positively marvellous, and would put to the blush the Davenports and Homes, who have been astonishing the enlightened white man for so long. I shall

subsequently endeavour to shew this wonderful power of theirs in two cases, selected from many equally astonishing, which I might have quoted. But by far the most pernicious attribute claimed by the Doctors, and universally believed in and admitted by the natives, is that of detecting witches and witchcraft. In savage and independent tribes, such as the Zulu, no person is ever believed to have died a natural death, unless in battle or in a row, and not always even then, but must have been 'done to death' by witchcraft, which these Doctors are employed to ferret out, so it will easily be perceived what an immense power for evil they exercise. I have seen all this and deeply regretted it, as every one must do when they become acquainted with the results. But, nevertheless, I have seen so many instances of the occult powers or sagacity of these extraordinary men, that I have sometimes half-fancied that they had a familiar spirit—a Puck or a Robin Goodfellow—which kept them *au courant* of matters hidden from mortal ken, and brought to them intelligence of everything which had happened or was going to happen within a radius of hundreds of miles. And, as an apology for a vindication of this weakness of mine, I proceed to give some more serious experiences than the first I have submitted to your readers."

The writer proceeds to relate that, having occasion to travel, he rested one night at a Kaffir village, where he met a celebrated female doctor who was on a visit to cure the king. He was introduced to her, and describes her appearance, which was most repulsive. The power she claimed to possess he treated with derision. She told him he would soon have an instance of her power—that he would go out of the country without a companion or a hoof of cattle. He laughed at this prediction, yet, "by a coincidence as strange as it was unpleasant, her words came true."

In the morning, he left the village with his 100 head of cattle and Kaffir assistants. In a few hours, one was gored to death by a buffalo; two days afterwards, another was snapped up by an alligator; his cattle became footsore, and the remaining Kaffirs, brooding over the prophecy of the doctress, left him and proceeded home. Of course he could not control the cattle himself, and had to make his way home alone, regretting "that nothing would now shake the belief of the natives that had been with me, who would, to a certainty, inoculate a large circle of their friends with the virus."

He adds, "Some time afterwards, I was obliged to proceed again to the Zulu country to meet my Kaffir elephant hunters, the time for their return having arrived. They were hunting in a very unhealthy country, and I had agreed to wait for them

on the N.E. border, the nearest point I could go to with safety. I reached the appointed rendezvous, but could not gain the slightest intelligence about my people at the Kraal.

"After waiting some time, and becoming very uneasy about them, one of my servants recommended me to go to the doctor; and at last, out of curiosity, I did go. I stated what I wanted—information about my hunters—and I was met by a stern refusal. 'I cannot tell anything about white men,' said he, 'and I know nothing of their ways.' However, after some persuasion, and promise of liberal payment, impressing upon him the fact that it was not white men but Kaffirs I wanted to know about, he at last consented, saying 'he would open the gate of distance, and would travel through it, even although his body should lie before me.'

"His first proceeding was to ask me the number and names of my hunters. To this I demurred, telling him that if he obtained that information from me, he might easily substitute some news which he may have heard from others, instead of 'the spiritual telegraphic news' which I expected him to get from his 'familiar.' To this he answered, 'I told you I did not understand white men's ways; but if I am to do anything for you it must be done in my way—not in yours.' On receiving this fillip I felt inclined to give it up, as I thought I might receive some rambling statement with a considerable dash of truth—it being easy for any one who knew anything of hunting to give a tolerably correct idea of their motions. However, I conceded this point also, and otherwise satisfied him.

"The doctor then made eight little fires—that being the number of my hunters; on each he cast some roots which emitted a curious sickly odour and a thick smoke; into each he cast a small stone, shouting, as he did so, the name to which the fire was dedicated; then he ate some 'medicine,' and fell over in what appeared to be a trance for about ten minutes, during all which time his limbs kept moving. Then he seemed to wake, went to one of the fires, raked the ashes about, looked at the stone attentively, described the man faithfully, and said, 'This man has died of the fever, and your gun is lost.' To the next fire, as before, 'This man (correctly described) has killed four elephants,' and then he described the tusks. The next, 'This man (again describing him) has been killed by an elephant, but your gun is coming home;' and so on through the whole, the men being minutely and correctly described; their success or non-success equally so. I was told where they were and what they were doing, and that in three months they would come out, but as they would not expect to find me waiting on them there so long after the time

appointed, they would not pass that way. I took a particular note of all this information at the time, and to my utter amazement it turned out correct in every particular!

"It was scarcely within the bounds of possibility that this man could have had ordinary intelligence of the hunters. They were scattered about in a country two hundred miles away; and, further than that, he could not have had the slightest idea of my intended visit to him, and prepared himself for it, as I called upon him within an hour of its being suggested.

"I could give many more instances of this 'power,' 'diablerie,' or whatever it may be called, but this last related was the most remarkable; and I must acknowledge that I have no theory to urge or explanation to offer regarding it, for I have in vain puzzled my own brains, and those of some of the shrewdest men in the colony, for some sort of elucidation of the mystery."

Bishop Payne relates the following incident which occurred in Africa in his presence. He says:—

"It is now the middle of the rainy season, and torrents of water pour down almost every day. But the clouds appeared to be broken this afternoon, and I was glad to avail myself of the pleasant interval to visit two native villages, three miles from Cavilla, in which I preach statedly the blessed Gospel.

"The text from which I was preaching was, 'Without God and without hope in the world.'

"I was proceeding, when quick, but stealthy footsteps, as of many, were heard approaching. The darkness spread over us by the heavy passing clouds, the theme of my discourse, and the solemn stillness pervading my attentive audience, contributed doubtless to produce the impression fastened upon my mind by the sound of the mysterious footsteps which now fell upon the ear. *It was that of a funeral procession moving rapidly through a graveyard.*

"The wailing which broke forth at the instant the procession entered the yard in which we were assembled, soon discovered to us that we were in the presence of the dead.

"The deceased was the wife of a male relative of Nye-Praa, the chief in whose house we were assembled. She was a native of Cape Palmas, fourteen miles distant. When taken seriously ill, she had been carried to that place, partly to be with her nearest relations, and partly to escape the *witchcraft* which it was believed had caused her illness and was procuring her death. But she died.

"The relations of her husband at Sede, contrary to custom, had received no intimation of this until her corpse appeared in their midst. It was an appalling moment. The coffin, as usual, consisted of a small canoe cut off at both ends. Into this the

deceased, wrapped in mats and cotton cloth, was laid. It was borne on the heads of two of her nearest relatives, and followed by a few more of these, chiefly females. And now followed the heathen scene. Arrived in front of Nye-Praa's house, the *corpse seemed to be seized with a sudden terrible frenzy*. The bearers reeled, staggered, dashed wildly from side to side in the court, and then reeling about ran back furiously to the entrance of the town. Again it approached the devoted house of Nye-Praa. Nearer and nearer it drew, until it lay at full length upon the thatched roof of the house. The male population of the village had now all gathered around, and one, or rather many of them, addressed the deceased: 'Don't be afraid; declare plainly who has killed you, and you shall be avenged.' Again the corpse was in motion. Withdrawing to the distance of twenty paces, it now again rushed toward the house, and, with all the impetus which the two bearers could give, was thrown against it. This was repeated until the dead seemed as if she would destroy the bearers, or the house which sheltered her murderers."

THE TESTS APPLICABLE TO THE TRUTH OF SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS.

(*The substance of a Paper read to the Anthropological Society of Manchester at the Royal Institution, by GEORGE HARRIS, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., President of the Society, &c.*)

OF the various subjects embraced by the very comprehensive science of Anthropology, those relating to mind are unquestionably by far the most interesting and the most important. And as regards the numerous topics connected with our knowledge of mind, those which concern the nature and reality of spiritual beings, and the mode of their operation and manifestation, are among the most attractive, though at the same time the most perplexing. Questions regarding the existence and influence of spiritual beings have indeed in all ages of the world, and in every country, whatever were the character of the inhabitants, and whether savage or civilised, commanded the attention and excited the wonder of mankind. Superstition has revelled here, while science has in vain endeavoured to draw any sound conclusions on the subject. No case of a supposed supernatural visitation ought to command our belief until after a calm survey of the evidence, and a severe exercise of the reason. On the other hand, no case of this kind ought to be condemned or rejected, if, after a strict examination of the evidence it appears entitled to credit. Facts only should be allowed to guide us.

Truth alone should be our aim. No doubt the great majority of the supposed visitations is the result of credulity, deception, disease, or superstition. But whether some of them are not entitled to more consideration is a grave question well deserving the attention of the philosopher, and above all of the anthropologist. Some cases of proved imposture or error do not prove that no real cases of this kind exist. The important question therefore arises, whether there are not certain tests which may be fairly applied to prove the reality or falsehood of these visitations, and what ought to be resorted to and admitted as proper tests for this purpose. If we can succeed in this attempt, or make any reasonable progress towards its accomplishment, we shall do no mean service to the cause of science in one of the noblest of its departments.

With respect to the case of apparitions, the mere circumstance of a person, however truthful, asserting that he had seen a ghost afforded no positive proof of the fact, as the senses are constantly liable to be deceived, and disease, more especially of the digestive organs, has been productive of endless delusions, to say nothing of the attempts at imposture, and the efforts wrought by superstition and a disordered imagination. Many a stump in the twilight has been mistaken for a spectre; and gaseous luminous exhalations in graveyards have frequently passed current for apparitions of the spirits of those who lay there interred. As regards, therefore, the tests applicable to the reality of an apparition which has been asserted to have been seen by any person, the following principles may be laid down:—When such an apparition is said to have been heard as well as seen, this is some, though not conclusive, proof of its reality, as it is less likely that two of the senses should be out of order, or should at once deceive us, than that only one of them should be in that condition. Besides which, what is the use of a ghost appearing unless he has something to say, and that to the purpose of his visit. So, also, when the apparition is said to have been seen by two or more persons instead of by one only, and on separate occasions, there is, of course, a much stronger ground for believing the story than if one individual only said that he had seen it, not only because two witnesses are in every case better than one, but for the still more satisfactory reason that two or more persons are not likely to be at once labouring under false impressions of the senses or a disordered imagination. In all these cases a great deal must, of course, depend on the character, state of mind, and condition of health of the parties. So also the time at which the apparition presented itself may have some influence in determining the credit to be given to it. An apparition seen at midday

would command considerably more belief than one witnessed at midnight. If again an animal, a dog for instance, accompanying the person who sees the apparition, gives token of the presence of some supernatural being, either by its cries, or by exhibiting unusual symptoms of terror, as is alleged to have happened in some avowedly well-authenticated cases of apparitions, this must undoubtedly be regarded as a strong additional proof of the reality of its appearance and that no mere illusion of the senses occasioned a belief in its existence. If, moreover, other individuals, and those persons of character and intelligence are consulted at the time about the supposed appearance of a ghost, and are convinced of the sincerity of those who assert that they have seen one, this may be considered as a strong corroboration of their testimony.

Another decisive confirmation of the reality of a supernatural visitation of this kind is when some important fact with which the person who narrates the circumstances could not have become acquainted in the ordinary course of things is communicated by it, as in the case of the intelligence of the death of some one in a foreign country at the moment when the apparition presented itself, the detection of a murder by announcing where the body lay concealed, the discovery of hidden treasure, or the foretelling an important event, which actually happens in the precise way predicted. With regard to supernatural communications through certain sounds, by means of which intelligence of an important kind, which could not be conveyed in any other way, is supposed to have been obtained, the ear is the organ here exerted, whether voices or what are termed spirit-rappings constitute the medium employed. Of this character also are the sounds which are supposed to indicate the fact of a house being haunted. Perhaps no organ is so likely to be mistaken as that of hearing, besides which, it obtains in the case supposed no aid or correction by means of the other senses. It is also subject to disease, by which its functions become deranged, and wrong impressions are in consequence communicated. In several supposed cases of visitations of this kind, the person who believed that he heard them has been half asleep. In others he has been suffering from delirium. Superstition and a fertile imagination will do much to excite his mind in such a case, and what was in reality but a natural and ordinary sound is mistaken for one of a supernatural character. The tests applicable to solve the truth of the communication, and to prove whether it is supernatural or not, are, whether the communication is one of an important and extraordinary nature, such as the death of a friend or relative at that moment, who was then 1,000 miles distant. Also, whether the communication, if it was in the nature of an important prediction, proves true by

its subsequent fulfilment. And again, whether in some cases of knowledge being supposed to be so communicated, it might not have been obtained in some other way, and afterwards the person may have fancied that he derived it through the supposed communication. If, however, several persons, instead of one only, have heard the sound, and these are people of credit, it is, of course, entitled to more belief than if one individual only had heard it.

In all ages of the world and in every country inhabited by man, dreams have been peculiarly regarded as of a supernatural character, and as a means whereby communications are made to the soul of intelligence which it could not have received in the ordinary mode. A wide field for superstition has, no doubt, been opened here; and many dreams which have been regarded as of a very important and supernatural character, if all the circumstances relating to them were very closely inquired into, will be satisfactorily proved to be of a very ordinary nature, and the supposed revelations made by them may be shown to be nothing more than the passing thoughts which during sleep were connected with transactions which had lately engaged our attention. Indeed, especially among the ignorant and credulous, there is no topic so liable to the influence of superstition as that of dreaming, and the very vividness of the dream, so far from its affording proof of its being of a supernatural character, may be conclusive evidence of the disordered condition of the mind and body of the sleeper. That all communications through dreams are of this ordinary character I am, however, far from asserting. What then ought to be admitted as tests of the truth of visitations so experienced? I would submit that one main test in a case of this kind is whether the facts communicated are such as could not have been known in any other way, as where a murder is discovered by the place of concealment of the body pointed out; where some gross fraud, which could not otherwise have been unravelled, is revealed by the dreamer; or where some concealed treasure is made known. So, also, if some important prediction is made by a dream, which comes to pass some time after, exactly as pointed out; as, for instance, the death of a person by accident or violent means; this may surely be regarded as some proof of the real and supernatural quality of the communication. In the case of a dream its repetition has always been regarded as some proof of its being out of the common order. This is, however, of itself alone but an unsatisfactory test as to its supernatural quality.

The conclusion which I draw from a careful examination of the subject is, that the great majority of the supposed supernatural visitations arise either from disease or delusion of the

senses, disordered imagination, superstitious feeling or imposture. But after making a large and liberal allowance for cases of this description, there are nevertheless some well-established cases of the kind, if determined by the tests proposed. While a hundred cases of delusion or imposture are inefficient to prove that no cases of supernatural visitation exist, one case of supernatural visitation conclusively proved, will serve absolutely to establish the existence of the order. Formerly mankind were too superstitious, perhaps now they have run into the opposite extreme. My conviction is that a total disbelief in supernatural visitations of any kind, is as irrational and unphilosophical as the extravagant credulity with regard to them entertained by our forefathers two hundred years ago. They exalted every mere shadow into a spiritual apparition—we degrade every visitation of this sort into a mere shadow.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

M. COUSIN ON SPIRITUALISM.

“ Our true doctrine, our true flag is Spiritualism, that philosophy as solid as generous; which began with Socrates and Plato, which the Gospel has spread abroad in the world, which Descartes put under the severe forms of modern genius, which in the seventeenth century was one of the glories and forces of our country, which perished with the national grandeur in the eighteenth century, which at the commencement of the present century M. Roger Collard came to re-establish in public instruction, whilst M. de Chateaubriand, Madame de Stael and M. L. de Quincey transferred it into the literature and the arts. To it is rightly given the name of *Spiritualism*, because its character in fact is that of subordinating the senses to the spirit, and tending, by all the means that reason acknowledges, to elevate and ennoble man. It teaches the spirituality of the soul, the liberty and responsibility of human actions, moral obligations, disinterested virtue, the dignity of justice, the beauty of charity; and beyond the limits of this world it shews a God, author and type of humanity, who, after having evidently made man for an excellent end, will not abandon him in the mysterious development of his destiny.

“ This philosophy is the natural ally of all good causes. It sustains religious sentiment; it seconds true art, poesy worthy of the name, and true literature; it is the support of right: it equally repels the craft of the demagogue and tyranny; it teaches all

men to value and respect themselves, and little by little it conducts human societies to the true republic, that dream of all generous souls."

LEVITY DOES NOT ALTER THE FACTS.

"The spirits have commenced their pranks again, and now hold high carnival in many places which they have hitherto avoided. If one half the reports in regard to unusual disturbances which have taken place here during the last few days are true, there is certainly occasion for the most serious and thorough investigation. One may assume an air of *nonchalance* which he does not feel, and treat the subject with as much levity and ridicule as he likes; but this does not alter the facts. The disturbances have taken place, are taking place every day and night, and, for one, we are decidedly in favour of investigation. We want to see the mystery explained, by some means or other."—*Stockton Gazette*.

"EIGHT HOURS' VISION OF HEAVEN."

An announcement that Miss M. Harris would describe her "Eight Hours' Vision of Heaven," drew together on Sunday, October 25th, at the New East London Theatre, better known as the Effingham Saloon, an audience of 2,500 people, who, a contributor to the *Unitarian Herald* informs us, listened to the address (delivered under the auspices of the East London Mission) with profound silence. It appears from the speaker's statement that she had been a great sufferer, and had for seven years been unable to leave her bedroom. She lived at that time at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the Methodists held occasional meetings in her chamber. "At the close of a blessed service" (which, with her religious associations and belief, doubtless gave to her vision much of its peculiar complexion) "she beheld a beautiful cliff, and the form of a departed friend appeared. He took her by the hand, and led her towards the gate of heaven, which at last appeared in view, and seemed of one piece. She wondered how it could ever be opened; but on her guide touching it, it immediately opened, and she then, as she believes, entered heaven. There were rows of streets, but she could see through a great part of the city. As she entered she wished to see the Saviour; and no sooner had she formed this wish than Jesus appeared, standing at the right of the throne of God, with 'crowns' in his hand. . . .

"Whenever she desired to see any one—Wesley or any other person—immediately that person appeared to her senses—a

coincidence, it will be remembered, with the teaching of Swedenborg, of whom she can scarcely have heard.

"After more of this kind, she proceeded to state that her companion assured her that she would soon be restored to health; and when she returned to consciousness she learned that for the space of eight hours her eyes had remained fixed upon one object, while she had been quite oblivious of all earthly affairs, and that for fifty minutes her arm had been raised in the air. All that her companion had predicted came to pass, and within a short time after her restoration to consciousness."

SPIRITUALISM IN HUNGARY.

"At the residence of a mutual friend, we met in Titusville, Penn., a very intelligent Magyar, an army officer when the Hungarians, under the leadership of Kossuth and others, were struggling to free themselves from Austrian despotism.

"This gentleman, himself a Spiritualist, informs us that Spiritualism, as a science, a phenomenon and a philosophy, is of quite ancient date in Hungary, according to their historic records. The first king that publicly avowed a deep interest and belief in Spiritualism was Ladislaus the Second, 282 years since. In 1794 the Austrian Government, by an imperial decree, forbade the meeting of Masonic lodges and the holding of *spiritual circles*.

"After this, these circles for the investigation and promotion of Spiritualism were held in secret. Louis Kossuth was a member of one of these spiritual circles, and a medium. The *fact* of his inspirational mediumship accounts for the continuous stream of eloquence that nightly flowed from his lips, with no repetition of sentences and figures of speech, and little of sentiment.

"Our Hungarian informant belonged to number 26. This was the circle he entered. Proving himself proficient in electricity, magnetism, and a knowledge of the psychological influences of mind upon mind, first from the mortal and then from the immortal side of life, he was permitted to graduate and pass into the next higher circle. Then came an investigation of clairvoyance, clairsaudience and the trance; thence onward to mental telegraphing, prophecies, visions, &c. It has always been the scholarly and learned among Hungarians that took the deepest interest in the study of these phenomena. This is true of English and French Spiritualists also. Parents connecting themselves with Hungarian spiritual circles were obligated to teach and educate their children in the principles of this philosophy. Nearly all the leaders in the Hungarian Revolution

were Spiritualists. This friend, an army officer, was one that made his escape through Turkey to this country."—*Banner of Light*.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

We learn from the newspapers that "several scientific gentlemen have visited the 'haunted house,' and it is stated that the result of their inquiries and investigations has only been to add to the mystery. They say they are unable to offer any explanation of the phenomena."

OUR TWO MODES OF BEING.

"We have two modes of being, that of sensation and that of reflection, which seem in a great degree independent of each other. Reflection having once commenced, is independent of sensation, and is most active and intense when sensation is weakest. If we wish to reflect, we shut out sensation. But it is upon the sensitive life that the shock of death seems to spend itself. The power of reflection often continues in full force up to the last moment. Since, then, the power of reflection is so independent of the sensitive life and of the organs of sensation, it seems rational to conclude that it may hereafter maintain a separate existence."—*Mark Hopkins' Lectures on Moral Science*.

THE SPIRITS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Gazette*, in a letter dated August 20th, says:—"In spite of police regulations there was a clear exhibition of spirits at the executive mansion this morning. Mrs. Daniels, the great Boston medium, was there with the spirits. She was the bearer of a message from the late Abraham Lincoln, which she was charged to deliver in person to President Johnson. While waiting in the ante-room for an audience, surrounded by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, also in waiting, a lady in black, with pale and careworn features, seemed to be drawn towards Mrs. Daniels, who asked her if she had not lost a son, William. The lady responded with astonishment, 'Yes, madam, some ten years ago.' 'Your husband,' continued Mrs. Daniels, 'was lately killed on the railroad?' Another look of wonder, followed with an affirmative answer. 'They are now both present with you, and your son desires me to say that you need not worry yourself about your business matters, as you are certain to succeed.' Such

was the communication from the spirit world to the poor woman, who stood for some moments stupefied, while the company wondered and speculated on the strange scene."

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

We learn from an article, headed "Spiritualism," in the *Geelong Advertiser*, of September 11th, that at Bursowye, in the family of "a highly cultivated, upright and independent gentleman, spirit manifestations of a highly interesting character are taking place:—His sister-in-law, an unmarried lady, was found to be an excellent medium. She is frequently thrown into a trance, and in her sleep writes some beautiful sentiments—poetry, friendly advices, &c., written to certain individuals, in a handwriting which is easily recognized as that of a deceased friend. By this means, Mr. W. has had several communications from his father and several other dear relatives long since deceased, in the writing, style, and signature of each. . . . She writes Hebrew or any other language as freely as she does English, and is totally ignorant of what it means; the consequence is, that all the correspondence has to go to some scholar in Melbourne or Sydney for interpretation. I am not able to state all the manifestations that take place; but the effect on Mr. W. has been such, that he feels that he is ever attended by the spirits of dear departed friends, which not only influences him in his working hours as to conduct, but has given him such confidence in futurity that he asserts he fears death no more than he would sleep."

A WARNING VOICE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN
HEARD IN A CHURCH IN GERMANY.

In an article on "Spiritualism in Germany," in 1866, one of the contributors to the *Spiritual Magazine*, commenting on the popular licentiousness and the infidelity openly promulgated by the learned from pulpit, press, and professorial chair, observed that "If the government of God on earth really included a system of moral discipline, it could require no prophetic power to foresee that ere long he would visit that nation with war or pestilence." It is curious that within a few months, both war and the cholera broke out there. A warning of a visitation of a still severer character has just been said to have been given in a very extraordinary manner. It is stated by the *Neckar Gazette*, published at Heilbronn, according to the *Badischer Beobachter*

of September 22, that an extraordinary occurrence has taken place, which has excited much remark, and has furnished the occasion for the prediction of a bloody war as a divine chastisement. The matter is as follows:—

“In the Evangelical Chapel of Ease, at Erlach, in the parish of Gelbingen, the sacristan, after the ringing of the bell for prayers, saw a light in the church, and heard a voice cry aloud, ‘Repent! If men do not repent, there will speedily come a great shedding of blood.’ The sacristan fled out of the church in terror; but three weeks ago, on the same occasion, he heard the same voice, which commanded him to make known the following declarations through the country:—‘1. Faith is dead. 2. The Ten Commandments of God are by men despised and rejected. 3. The Lord’s Prayer is no longer duly inculcated. 4. Through the wickedness of men, the kingdom of Satan is more and more extended. 5. The tenth chapter of the Book of Jesus Sirach ought to be read by every one, and laid seriously to heart. 6. The threatenings of God against men are in vain, till the un pitying judgment comes. 7. When this has taken place, then will true brotherly love and union arise.’”

The *Schw-Volkszeitung* (probably, *Swabian People’s Gazette*), inserted this article, which had been forwarded to it by a Catholic vicar, though the *D. V. Bl.* (*Deutsches Volksblatt*) had rejected it, not knowing whether it was sent in joke or earnest. For the rest, it indulged in plenty of ridicule over this piece of superstition, and so the matter was thought to be at an end; but the Catholic vicar again asserted, in the *Schw-Volkszeitung*, the truth of the statement. In corroboration of this second declaration, the principal official of Erlach, with four other men of character, affirmed that the reported event was a fact; that they themselves were neither enthusiasts nor pietists; and that the very sober and honest sacristan was ready to confirm his statement by his oath. The *Schw-Volkszeitung*, which published this account, now professes to believe that the vicar who sent it to them had imposed upon them, in order to bring the *Deutsches Volksblatt* into discredit. But the voice in the church at Erlach; that is testified to by men whose evidence deserves the fullest credit.

Such is the affair which has made a considerable noise in that part of Germany. Without some further proofs of the supernatural, however, we see nothing in it beyond the ability of a clever legerdemainist or ventriloquist. The question, moreover, naturally arises, why, in a matter of national moment, should the warning present itself in an obscure village church more than in any other? Why not in the most public cathedral of the most prominent city? Why not in Berlin, Vienna, or

Munich?—in Frankfort, Carlsruhe, Cologne, or Maintz? Why to an humble, and, probably, ignorant sacristan, and not to an assembled congregation? There is nothing in this more than was often successfully played off by the priests of the Middle Ages. The warning, no doubt, is sufficiently needed, but we wait for further proofs of its reality.

OMEN IN THE LIFE OF SIR ROBERT WILSON.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT WILSON, so well known not only for his distinguished services in the great French war, and as Governor of Gibraltar, but his part in the rescue of Count Lavalette from execution, and his safe conveyance over the French frontier in 1815, records in his early life the realization of an omen at the very time that, like so many other men, he endeavours to laugh himself out of his convictions. "The day on which I received the news of my mother's danger was that on which I first knew also of her serious illness; but the morning of that day had dawned with an incident, which, in spite of my understanding, and in the absence of any superstitious tendency, had made a sinister impression. This, as it were, admonished me, and made me certain that I should not pass the day without some tidings of calamity. Many years have rolled away; my common-sense revolts at and mocks the folly of the omen; but I see now, as it were, before my eyes that omen, and feel now again the heart-sinking sensation that I felt then and at that moment when I was awakened by a flight of crows hovering about my window. One advanced, and cawed repeatedly, 'Woe! woe! woe!' I got up, tried to shake off the load on my thoughts, but the foreboding was immovable; and the more I tried to treat it as a dream of the fancy—the more I combated it as one of the follies which I had so often been astonished at, and ridiculed as a superstition of the ancient world—the more I was persuaded it was a message of some adversity, if not of death." (*Wilson's Life*, Vol. I., p. 49.)

Sir Robert tried to rid himself of the omen, though in vain, by the efforts of common-sense: he might have spared himself the trouble had he been aware that there is an uncommon sense to which these spiritual warnings are addressed, more susceptible and convincible than common sense. The facts of the indelible impression, and the truth of the result, after all the struggles of his reason, remained to be accounted for; and they can only be accounted for by higher laws than those of either physics or reason.

In the volume of the *Annual Register* for 1828, p. 107, there is an account of a DREAM FULFILLED. A gentleman dreamed so vividly that he should die very soon and suddenly, that he set about arranging his affairs, notwithstanding the ridicule and pooh-poohings of his friends. One day, however, a friend of his at a distance dreamed the very same thing regarding him, though he was ignorant of the gentleman's own dream, and was so strongly impressed by it as to make the journey to tell him of it. This confirmed the gentleman in his persuasion of the fact that his dream was a real warning. No illness, however, attacked him; but one day, almost immediately afterwards, being out shooting, in setting down his gun it went off and shot him dead. What says common-sense to this? In Sir Robert Wilson's *Life*, he also says that his mother being in indifferent health, his father predicted that she would not survive him two years. That this much impressed his mind, and she did die within the designated period. Here you might very well see some natural connection betwixt the presage and the effect, though, as Mrs. Wilson died from the consequences of an abscess developed after the death of her husband, the connection is far from complete; but in the dream just referred to there is no natural connection betwixt the impression of the two dreams, and the accidental discharge of a gun.

But Sir Robert had other experiences. His father died at the age of sixty-seven, from an attack of paralysis. "I was," says Sir Robert, "then a Westminster boy, but had been brought home, and was sleeping in his apartment, when I awoke with a feverish dream, occasioned, no doubt, by an expectation of the event, and a half-consciousness of what was passing. I fancied I saw him open my bed curtains, and heard him call me. I sprang to his bedside, and reached it almost the instant after the spirit had departed." (Vol. I., p. 45.)

Still more striking is the fact recorded by his editor, the Rev. Herbert Randolph, in a note. It relates to his wife's sister, who was married to Christopher Carleton, the eldest son of Lord Dorchester. She was drowned on the 29th of October, 1816. The event is thus related in a letter to Sir Robert Wilson, from a friend at Ostend:—"The vessel that was conveying Mrs. Carleton from Ramsgate to Ostend was wrecked last night, in attempting to enter this harbour in a violent gale of wind, and Mrs. Carleton, her daughter, and servant, were all drowned."

A remarkable circumstance occurred. An intimate friend of Mrs. Carleton dreamt the night before she was to sail, that she saw her friend and her son and daughter drowning. The impression upon her mind was so vivid and powerful, that she

immediately followed her to Ramsgate, and with extreme urgency endeavoured to persuade her to give up the voyage. Preparation, however, had gone too far, and she could not prevail; but she succeeded in inducing Mrs. Carleton to leave her son, Lord Dorchester, behind in her care. The mother and daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, both perished as stated (Vol. I., p. 10).

SINGULAR INCIDENTS.

WE have received from a friend the following account of some of the singular incidents connected with the passing from earth of Daniel Frank Cox, whose spirit left the body on the 11th of October last, as noticed in our last issue.

"Our little Danny," the darling of the household, youngest of the widowed mother's three children, by his ingenuous goodness, true-hearted and unselfish nature, displayed in every act of his earthly life, won the heart's best love of every one who knew him. His pleasures were never complete unless others shared them. Amongst those who watched with anxious and loving care over the patient sufferer's couch, was one for whom the little fellow had a deep affection, known as "Uncle Dan," whom the reader will recognize as Mr. D. D. Home.

It is not, though it may seem, irrelevant, to say how dear the child was to those of whom I speak, for had they been indifferent to this bright little ray of love and intelligence from on high, the most touching phenomena developed would have lost their significance; that happy home, where by the hearth stood the "vacant chair," and where the hearth would not be made glad by the sweet sound of his earthly voice, was not made lugubrious by the lamentations of despair or the senseless signs and outward trappings of conventional woe. In yielding up the darling of her heart to God, the mother felt a sense of rest and holy peace in the assurance that he was become a "ministering spirit,"—a feeling which extended to all who were privileged to be present.

On Tuesday the 13th, the mother and her two remaining children with a few friends assembled in the drawing-room where lay the casket which had contained so precious and priceless a jewel. The room was "lifted out of gloom," inasmuch as all the drapery was pure white, and the most choice and rare flowers almost hid the body, leaving visible only the smiling child-face, that we knew now smiled upon us from its spiritual home, where bright angels had welcomed it to the portals of endless day. Mr. Home was entranced, and after offering up a prayer, a discourse

was given to the effect that God had given and God had *not* taken away, inasmuch as God being a God of infinite love would allow the child still to watch over those who remained on earth. When this had ended several of the family and visitors were in the conservatory, and then were heard on the glass roofing, high overhead, the rapping sounds; and not there only, but on the casement near us. Questions were asked and answers given, and we then went to supper. While so doing, Mr. Home was again entranced, and taking Mrs. Cox's hands in his he led her out of the room. When she returned in about three or four minutes, she told us that she had been led by him to the drawing-room, and there she heard a rustling near the body, from which Mr. Home and herself were distant at least ten feet; and then (Mr. Home never for an instant having relaxed his grasp, and she having one of his hands in each of hers) she felt a tiny hand placed on hers, and then the two first fingers of her left hand opened and a flower was placed between them.

One of the gentlemen who had been invited occupied the same room as Mr. Home, and he related the following morning that after he had been in bed about half an hour he heard Mr. Home leave his bed, which stood in the further corner of the room, and coming to his bed he took him by the two hands and in the darkness led him down the long stone staircase through the hall and into the drawing-room, where, a few feet from the door and many feet from the little coffin, Mr. Home relaxed his grasp and said, "Now go and lift up the coffin-lid." He did so; and then Mr. Home, as if to assure him that he had not changed his position, said, "Lift it still a little higher, so much so that a hand could go in." While the gentleman was in the act of so doing he heard a rustling *inside* the coffin, and then Mr. Home asked him to come back to where he was standing. This was done, and as they had descended, so they again went upstairs. On reaching the bedroom, Mr. Home led him to a toilet table, near the window, and then the gentleman told us there came a waft of perfume, and, with Mr. Home's two hands in his, the tiny hand came and caressed his, and gave him a beautiful purple and white petunia, which had been in the coffin.

The evening of the 14th we again assembled in the drawing-room. The coffin had now been closed, and the white drapery, which hung in heavy folds from it, had been nearly covered with fern leaves and flowers. Plants from the conservatory had also been placed around it, giving the idea of a beautiful shrine. The room was lighted by a large solar lamp on the mantel-piece and four candles placed upon the consoles facing the fire-place.

We were listening to Mr. Home improvising upon the piano,

when we heard what sounded like footfalls upon the floor, near the coffin, to which Mr. Home's back was turned. We called his attention to the sounds, and after a few moments we drew up the centre table to the foot of the coffin. We had been seated but a few minutes when the white drapery began to be agitated as though hands were moving beneath it, and presently a cross of fern leaves, pinned to the cloth over the foot of the coffin, was lifted up and dropped several times. This appeared to be effected by pressure from underneath the folds. The table on which the coffin rested, made an almost imperceptible movement, and a large fern leaf rose slowly and steadily from between the table and the foot of the coffin. When it had nearly reached the top of the coffin it fell, or rather was wafted over to Mr. Home, who took it in his hand. At intervals of a few minutes a branch of maiden-hair fern, plucked from the only plant of the kind in the room, which stood directly beneath the cross already mentioned, or a large leaf of the more common species, was given by the same invisible power to each person present. We could hear the stalk break as the leaf was gathered, and the attention of the one for whom it was intended was attracted either by feeling the leaf pushed against him under the table, or by being touched by that peculiar atmospheric substance with which the spirits invest themselves when they desire to come into tangible communication with us. When I was touched, I put out my hand and grasped, not the fern leaf, which I expected, but the invisible object which had touched me. What was my astonishment at finding that which was capable of administering so vigorous a pressure *melt away* from my grasp. After my futile attempt to obtain possession of this mysterious atmosphere made palpable, I was touched upon the back of my hand, while at the same time a fern leaf was laid upon each one of my extended fingers in turn, but withdrawn whenever I attempted to seize it; at last the branch was frankly placed in my hand.

As on the previous evening Mr. Home was entranced, and after extinguishing the candles, he placed the lamp in the hall and closed the door, saying that a manifestation was to be made which the light would prevent. Our attention was drawn to the head of the coffin, over which appeared a tiny star of most brilliant colours. It rose and sank, and at last went hither and thither in the room, and when questions were asked, a sharp electric sound came from it, affirmative or negative as the questions required. This lasted at least fifteen or twenty minutes, and again the light was brought in from the hall, and a fern leaf on a side table, near which no one stood, was seen to be lifted. There were other manifestations of so intimate and sacred a nature that in the present state of materialism we

refrain from giving them. On Thursday the 15th the little body was borne by loving hands to a sunlit corner of the little churchyard, and there, while the good clergyman read the burial service, the clouds, which had been lowering, were broken and a ray of sunlight fell on the coffin. As loving friends lowered it down, the grave seemed no longer cold and cheerless; for God's sunbeams rested there, and we knew that "our Danny," was now nearer the true and never-fading cloudless sunlight of God's love.

On Sunday, November 1st, a friend of the family met Mr. Home at the same house, and a *séance* was held. . It began by a request from the spirits that the table should be placed near the piano. This was done, and the following was spelled: "William, close and lock the piano, and put the key in your pocket." (William alluded to is the gentleman who met Mr. Home there). This was done, and the keys of the piano were touched and replied to questions. We were then requested to open the piano, and having done so, we saw and watched with perfect distinctness the keys rise and fall as they were touched. The room was lighted by a great coal fire and a lamp which stood in the conservatory, the light coming through the glass doors. A message was given to this effect:—"Outsiders say we can only work in the dark; please bring in the lamp and place it on the table." We did so, and whilst the lamp was within two feet of the piano, note after note was touched and the chords struck even more decidedly than they had been. Not only did we see the keys of the piano go down, as by pressure from over them, but we several times saw them lift slightly up, as if the force had been applied from below. A more clear, convincing, and certain manifestation could not have been witnessed.

Notices of Books.

DAWN.*

SPIRITUALISM is gradually permeating our literature: it has already done so to a greater extent than most persons are aware; and this not only in the graver works of philosophy and religion, but in those lighter books for popular reading, which delineate life and manners, which by dramatic presentation of character and incidents in skilfully constructed story, illustrate and enforce upon public attention truths and prin-

* *Dawn*. Boston: ADAMS & COMPANY. London: TRUBNER & Co.

ciples and create a wide-spread living interest in questions which had hitherto arrested the attention only of the more sensitive and thoughtful minds. In the mysterious force of sympathy,—blending our secret souls with kindred natures and our lives with the life of past generations, manifesting itself in strange conjunctions, flashing out in mystic gleams, and at times when we feel some crisis at hand which shall greatly influence for good or ill our future life,—in all this, when skilfully drawn by a master hand, there is a fascination and a power which moves us not only by exciting our wonder and awe, but by the sense of *reality*, without which, indeed, the mere appeal to the fancy and the feelings would produce, at most, but a slight and transient effect. Hence, the artist-painter, poet, or novelist, finds here a legitimate field for the exercise of his powers; for he deals with permanent elements in our nature—with chords of thought and feeling which, rightly struck, call forth sweet and solemn music in response. The highest works of imagination which this age has produced deal largely in, and owe much of their success to, this element of the supernatural; as in *Jane Eyre*, *Adam Bede*, *Tom Brown*, *Zanoni*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Ideal Attained*, and *Peculiar*.^{*} Some of the incidents of this kind which are found in them, are transcripts of actual occurrences in the personal experiences of the writers or of their immediate friends, or which faithfully image what is extensively taking place around us. Those of American origin, as the last three named, combine personal experiences with the more general facts of spiritual manifestation which they portray. This, too, is evidently the case with the work before us. The story is well written, and interesting. Its purpose is to place before us in vivid picturesque form, those wonderful facts of spirit-life and power which in their universality seem like the *Dawn* of a new era, and with which its author, it is clear, is personally and intimately acquainted. This is its main aim—its central idea; but revolving around it are the social questions which are beginning to occupy a prominent place in public discussion, such as the relations of what Miss Becker calls “the two sexes of Man,”—questions which to treat superficially would be an impertinence, and for the thorough consideration of which we have not space, even were this Magazine a proper vehicle for their discussion. We shall, therefore, not attempt it; nor shall we attempt any outline of the story of *Dawn*, for skeletons, whether of men or books, are lifeless and repulsive in their unlikeness. But we

^{*} See “Spiritualism and Popular Novelists,” *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. II., page 308.

give a few of the writer's thoughts which best admit of detachment, and which we deem most suitable for presentation to our readers. And our first is:—

ON MEDIUMSHIP.

The cry of the multitude is, that mediumship and impressibility detract from individual life, lessen the whole tone of manhood, and transform the subject to a mere machine. Such conclusions are far from correct. Our whole being is enriched, and made stronger and fuller by true impressibility. Are we in any degree depleted if we for a time become messengers to bear from friend to friend, words of love, cheer and encouragement? Are we mere machines, because we obey the promptings of the unseen, and go where sorrow sits with bowed head, or want and misery wait for relief? If so, we are in good service, and have the consciousness of knowing, that, being thus the instruments of God's will, we cannot be otherwise than dear to Him. All matter is mediumistic. Life is tributary, one phase to another, and soul to soul speaks suggestively. The ocean has its fulness from tributary streams which flow to its bed. Lives alone are great that are willing to be fed.

Some of our author's best reflections are given in the form of dialogue, as in the two following extracts:—

ON SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

"Are they (spirits) not about us the same, whether we believe in their presence or not?"

"No, not the same. You are not the same to your friend who has little or no faith in your life, and your motives of action, as you are to one who has full trust and belief."

"No, I am not. In order, therefore, that our unseen friends may fully aid us, we must believe in their presence and ability to do so. Christ could not help some because of their unbelief."

"Even so. He who gives us no heed, has no communion with us. But the faith of which I speak, is not gained at once; it is of a slow and natural growth. Again and again must we thrust our hand through the darkness, ere we grasp the anchor. Often will the cloud envelope us, and all seem dark as night. There will be hours and days when Florence will come into your atmosphere, bringing her own state of loneliness and longing to be felt by you; days when you must both mourn that the veil is dropped between you; but above all, the sun of spiritual light will shine gloriously."

"Then you think that they suffer after they have gone?"

"I certainly do. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that they mourn for us as we for them. Reverse the case. Suppose that you were where she now is, and that she were here, and that you made strong efforts to approach her, and having thus far succeeded, endeavoured to impress her with the fact of your presence. If she recognized you, would you not feel rejoiced? and if she did not, would you not feel grieved, and all the more so, if instead of honestly admitting self-evident facts, she sought to evade them."

ON WORSHIP.

"In the present age of transition, the best minds are thrown out of the sanctuary, waiting for the perfect temple, where they can worship in fulness of soul and purpose."

"Yet all are better for the assembling, are they not, even in its imperfect state, as you term it?"

"It is well and good for all, but not so essential to some as to others. Some natures are so alive to sentiment and life, so infused with religious thought, that they live deeper and more prayerful, more godly in one hour, than others do in a hundred years. Every emotion reveals to such the presence of the Deity. To them each hour is one of worship, and every object a shrine. No words of man

can quicken their feeling to a brighter flame, for such commune with God. The dew and the flower, speak unto them of their Father's protecting care. The manifestations of their daily lives, replete with heavenly indications, tell that God is nigh. 'Day unto day uttereth speech,' and to such all hours are holy. The heart which is attuned to life, is full of worship. Every manifestation, whether of joy or woe, brings God near; and the world becomes the temple. Religion should come through life and be lived. It is in the dress, in the kitchen, in the parlour, in books, in theatres, in fact, in all forms of life.'

REV. T. L. HARRIS ON THE SWEDENBORGIANS.*

"It seems to be imagined that when Swedenborg departed this life God locked the door of Heaven and lost the key. The determination is evinced in some quarters to make that wise and good man the sole authority in Christendom in all matters of psychical belief. Idolised as never man was before, the letter of Swedenborg is made a final standard beyond which there is no appeal. There are two classes of the receivers of his teachings at least. First, the men of the letter; second, the men of the spirit. The first, unconsciously to themselves, are man-worshippers. Had they the power, a new Rome would raise its gorgon head, denying the right of the private Christian to hold communion with the angels, and sealing up the broad river of spiritual illumination, by crushing, with the iron hand of ecclesiastical despotism, every open soul through whom the world is made glad with the river of immortality. When with interior vision we contemplate those whom we call the party of authority, they appear to us to be in intellectual slavery to the man Swedenborg. We have conversed with such in our external states; we find them narrow and intolerant, and yet profoundly unconscious that they are so. Readers of Swedenborg and of little else, they have grown enamoured of the scientific shell which encases the immortal fruit of truth. They are men of the letter: an external Swedenborgian church grows out of their association. Rather than concede the point that their darling idol could be mistaken, they are willing to distrust the evidence of their senses, both spiritual and natural. It is enough for them that they have a 'thus saith Swedenborg,' for any doctrine. Among this class we find the persistent enemies of all directness of communication with the spiritual world. When the Caliph Omar, according to the story, was implored to preserve from destruction the great Alexandrian

* These passages, with others, are given in the *Recipient*, for July, 1868, and the collator adds, that he can corroborate from a life-experience of more than thirty years in connection with the body of receivers of the writings of Swedenborg, the truth of "much that is said in this extract."

library, he committed its precious treasures to the flames, because he said, if there was anything there against the Koran it was injurious, and if anything agreeing with the Koran it was superfluous. So the brethren in question, if anything comes through the opening of the faculties into the interior world that is against Swedenborg, allege that it is of the devil, and if anything comes in the same vein it is unnecessary. If spirits communicate who deny the Lord they are evil. But if angels communicate who acknowledge the Lord, they are liars, and make use of His name for ends of deception. So far has this been carried, that virtually it is made a test of Swedenborgian orthodoxy, in some quarters, to refuse even to read the writing of those who have access to the Heavens; and they say of such as now exhibit in themselves the identical states which were so common to their own illustrious oracle, 'he hath a devil.' . . . That spirit which makes the last medium or prophet or teacher the standard of all truth for coming generations is a cursed spirit, yea, it is no less than a manifestation of Anti-christ.—*Herald of Light*, Vol. I.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS POSITIVISM.*

IN THIS letter, Signor Damiani belabours most soundly the so-called "philosophers," for their presumptuous arrogant denial and denunciation of Spiritualism without according it a proper and unprejudiced investigation; and throws down a challenge that he will prove its truth to the majority of a jury of twenty-four gentlemen, chosen from the learned professions and literary men, by evidence "sufficient to establish any fact in history, or in a criminal or civil court of justice;" pledging himself to deposit in the hands of any well-known London banker the sum of five hundred guineas, on the like amount being deposited there by his opponents; the ownership of the thousand guineas to follow the judgment given by the majority of the said jury. He also offers to prove his propositions affirming the truth of Spiritualism, by experiments conducted in the presence of the same gentlemen, and for a like amount; the verdict of the majority of them to decide in this case also; and the result to be advertised in all the London daily papers.

* *Spiritualism versus Positivism: being a Letter and a Challenge to G. H. LEWES, Esq., Professor TYNDALL, et hoc genus cæcorum.* By G. DAMIANI, Foreign Correspondent of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists. London: BURNS.

These challenges, no doubt, shew the sincerity and earnestness of Signor Damiani ; but we have no faith in investigations or experiments conducted with a money interest at stake ; and had rather he had laid before the public the evidence on which he relies to prove his case, leaving it to have its proper effect on those unbiassed truth-loving minds, however few their number, to whom it might be presented.

THE HARVESTER.*

The writer of this work thus states its purpose :—

As we have seen the natural sciences starting from vague and seeming mystery, climbing up through all the difficulties of time and circumstances, establishing their own laws, so have I been encouraged to attempt to discover those more subtle and difficult laws that govern our intelligence or spiritual natures, and its connection with the Deity; or, in other words, the true relations which we hold by law to our Maker.

He believes that :—

" It will be the *ultima ratio* of all science and philosophy, that the teachings of Jesus Christ are in strict accordance with all the discovered laws of nature; and, in their spiritual application to the intellectual growth of man, *must* lead to the very presence-chambers of infinite wisdom."

" These are the only laws connecting man with God; and they are practically as absolute as the natural laws in conformity with which the earth revolves around the sun. Man differs from animal, vegetable and mineral life, only as his spiritual nature is allied to God."

" Christianity is the inbreathing of the fire of God into the souls of all men, quickening in them immortal hopes. It is the vast spiritual sea of truth rolling in upon humanity, and baptizing it into the realities of the inner life. When man shall understand the teachings of Jesus he will recognize the triumphs of the inner over the outer man."

He finds that :—

The phenomena presented in the evidences of what is called modern Spiritualism, teach the same lessons that are to be found in the lives of Christ and his disciples. So true is this, that the former proves the latter. It demonstrates all the peculiar positions assumed by Christianity. It gives to the world the proof so long needed of the reality of the faith promulgated by Jesus.

And he asks :—

Where is the man, however deep in error and vice he might be plunged, who could resist the reformation of his own conduct, were he sure that the pure eyes of some loving father or mother, brother or sister, wife, child, or friend, were constantly looking into his soul, and knowing every act and thought? This is really the situation of every individual on earth. Such is the eternal law—such the absolute fact. Every thought, purpose, and intent of our souls is plainly seen and read by all intelligent angels. Every human soul has extended to it waving palms of affection, encouraging it to go, beckoning it home.

* *The Harvester : for gathering the ripened Crops on every Homestead, leaving the unripe to Nature.* By a MERCHANT. Boston: WHITE & COMPANY, *Banner of Light* Office.

THE LOVED NOT LOST.

How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on !
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still ;
Look where we may the wide world o'er,
Those lighted faces shine no more.
We tread the path their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn ;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er ;
But in the sun they cast no shade.
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor !
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas ! for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Correspondence.

PREDICTIVE DREAMS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

September, 1868.

SIR,—When with me recently you asked me to write out an account I related to you of a singular dream I once had of and its really literal fulfilment. As you will remember, I also told you of another dream; and as both seem to me to be connected, and as both were fulfilled by the same train of circumstances, I preface the one with the other. Nearly twenty years ago, when I was quite a youth, and living with my parents in a town in one of the midland counties, (before I had any thoughts of marriage except those which novels put into a lad's head) I had the first dream, though not by any means the first which had been equally literally fulfilled, for from my infancy I was a "dreamer of dreams." It was on a Sunday night, after I had been very closely engaged in school and church all day. I mention this that you may see it could have no reference to my engagements and thoughts during the daytime. At night on retiring to rest I fell into a sound heavy slumber of a very peculiar kind. I cannot explain the symptoms better than by alluding to Abraham's "horror of great darkness." This with me has always preceded any remarkable dream or vision, of which I have had (and at times still have) many. By degrees this horror passes away, and a more or less pleasant state of impressedness (to coin a word) and expectancy succeeds. If I then awake, I have a feeling like that of a musician on hearing an incomplete cadence. On this occasion I dreamt I was at a railway station, and then went a short distance by rail and a long way by sea. Suddenly I became acquainted with two young ladies, and then lost sight of them. A blank succeeded (like the shifting of a slide in the magic lantern), and I was following them. I was about to be married to one, when she disappeared and left the other standing by the altar; and I was married to her. So much for the first dream. The second occurred about ten years after it. I had entirely forgotten the first dream, though at the time it produced a deep impression on my mind. It was afterwards recalled by seeing a person and a spot I then dreamt of, but had not seen, and did not see till both dreams were fulfilled. I then went through the premonitory condition to which I have alluded, this time more strongly marked than usual, and dreamt that I was standing at a certain window and saw a funeral coming over a bridge. A peculiarly featured man took part in the procession, and I spoke to a companion about him. Then followed a blank. I next was in a street of the town, opposite a public building, with the same companion, and we met another funeral and the same man. Another blank. After this I was dressed in new mourning, following the remains of a stranger to the grave. Another blank ensued. Then I had a letter in my hands telling of the funeral of a companion of my boyhood whom I had not seen for years. Another blank succeeded. Next I was present at the funeral of a relative of a most intimate friend in the town where I was brought up. Again there was a blank. Following this I was in spirit only looking over the death-bed of a young lady. The snow was on the ground: it was on an island. Another lady was reading a letter to her, then she folded it and put it away. In a little time, I looked over the sea, and saw my body at a distance trying to reach the spot, but prevented from moving. A white-headed gentleman was coming as fast as he could, and as he neared the house, the young lady rose in bed, made use of some particular words, uttered a scream, fell back and died. Another blank. I then was being married in a certain church in the metropolis. I awoke in a fright and great agitation, quite wet with perspiration, though it was winter, and I had kicked the bed-clothes off me. I could not sleep again, but lay awake through the long hours of darkness in dreadful agony. I did not soon forget this dream, and it was afterwards recalled to my memory.

These were the dreams. When talking with you I entered minutely into the circumstances of my life to shew how literally both were fulfilled. I shall not do so now, as it would take up too much space. I may, however, say that the fulfilment of the first dream began before I had the second one. It was thus. I left my father's house, and went to a distant part of Her Majesty's dominions. While on board a steamer, I became acquainted with two young ladies (sisters). A friendship sprang up between us, and I took their address, with permission from the elder to correspond with her. They went further on, and I left the boat. It was about three or four months after this that I had the second dream. Their various incidents occurred exactly in the order I dreamt them; I had forgotten both dreams when the first funeral took place, but though I never saw the man whose individuality was so marked, before, and never became acquainted with him, I was much disturbed in mind when I first saw him, thinking I had met with him before, and wondering where. It was not till I saw him the second time that my dream flashed on my mind. For a moment I was stunned, and for two years, till after the occurrence detailed below, I was constantly in dread of something awful happening to every one I knew. The friendship between myself and the young lady ripened into a warm attachment, and we were engaged to be married. We afterwards agreed that I should visit her on a fixed day to settle when the marriage should take place. As the day approached, I found I could not get away for a little time, and wrote her to that effect, suggesting another day. In reply I received a letter from her sister, telling me that she had been suddenly taken ill and had been delirious, that she was then better, and she, (the sister) had read my letter to her; and that my *fiancée* desired her to say she would answer it as soon as she could. A day or two afterwards I had a letter from her father telling me that his daughter died on the day she was to have fixed her wedding-day. Her sister subsequently wrote me a long account of her last illness, which, it seemed was of few days' duration. At first it was not thought much of, as she and her family had been subject to similar attacks. When it assumed a serious aspect (I should have explained that she was then on an island some distance from home,) her father went to her as quickly as he could, but was detained by a snow storm, and she died when he was within a short distance of the house. I of course felt the blow acutely, as did her family. I afterwards became intimate with her sister; our mutual sorrow united our hearts, and after a short parting we met again in London, and were married at the church I dreamt of. I add no comment, but remain

Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Yours truly,

E. S. COOPER.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE THROUGH A DREAM.

A Mr. Atthington dreamed that he was travelling through some beautiful and remarkable scenery, which was strongly impressed on his imagination. He came to a ferry over a river, and watching the boat cross, saw it lost with all on board. Several years afterwards, while travelling through a part of England which he had never before visited, he suddenly found himself among the very scenes he so well remembered having seen in his dream, and proceeding onward, in due course reached the ferry! He determined to avoid it, though at the loss of many hours which it took him to reach the nearest bridge. The boat was lost the same day. The account of this dream was preserved in MS. in the family.